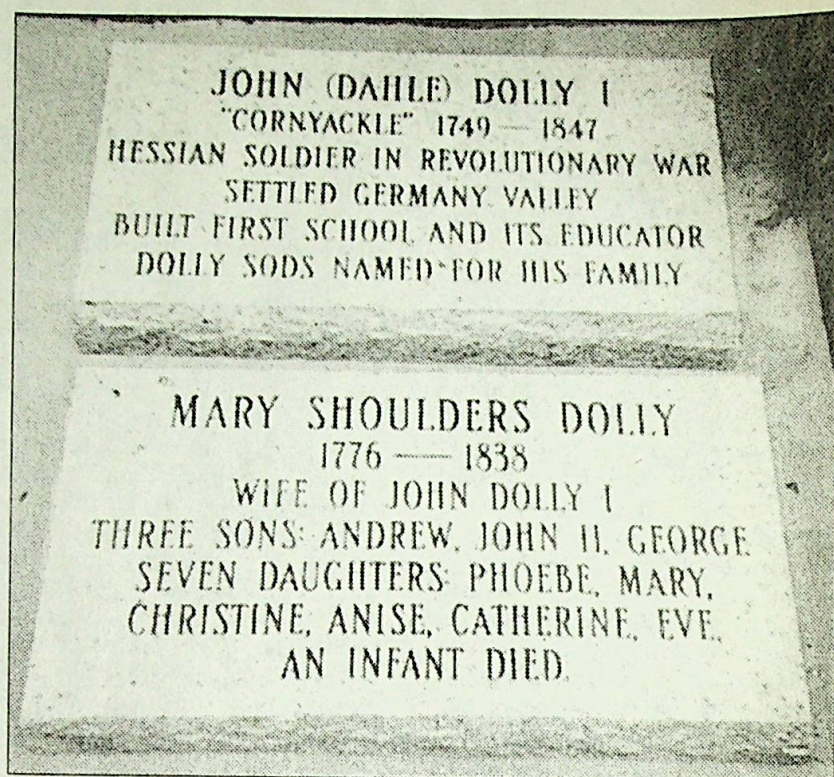


Families Honor Revolutionary War Ancestors On Independence Day



MIKE DOLLY OF Whitmer recently placed these headstones at the graves of his ancestors, John and Mary Shoulders Dolly at their graves near Riverton.

John Dolly, 1749-1847, Hessian Mercenary Settled Germany Valley

July 1-29

Mike Dolly of Whitmer has recently installed head stones for his great-great-grandparents, John (Dahle) Dolly I (1749-1847) and his wife, Mary Shoulders Dolly (1776-1838).

John (Dahle) (Cornyackie) Dolly I was a Hessian soldier from Hesse, Germany, hired by the British to fight in the Revolutionary War. At the end of the war, he was taken prisoner at Yorktown, VA. Later he was allowed to stay in the United States and then settled in what is now known as Germany Valley.

Dolly built the first school in Ger-

many Valley and was the teacher. He spent the remainder of his life there raising a family of three sons and seven daughters.

Dolly Sods also got its name from Dolly and his family.

He is buried on his homeplace on Horse Ridge Road that is owned by Herb Landis near Riverton.

Mike Dolly and his niece, Susan Pennington are also responsible for the placement of the historical marker by the state along the roadside, near the Dolly grave.

Henry Fleisher, 1744-1821, Pendleton County Militiaman

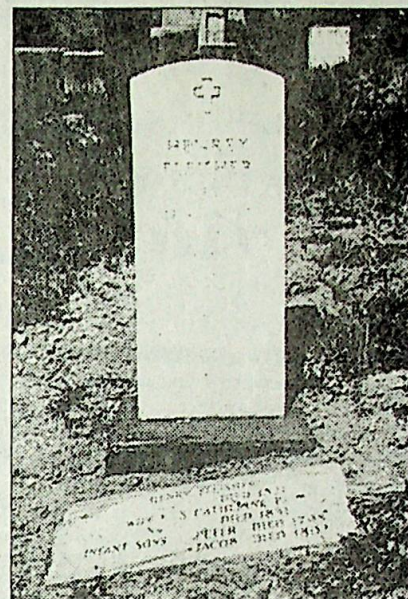
Descendants of Henry Fleisher (1744-1821), a veteran of the American Revolutionary War, recently laid a headstone at his grave near Monterey, VA. A dedication ceremony will be held July 3, as the Fleisher clan gathers for their annual reunion nearby.

Henry Fleisher was born in Holland, Germany in 1744 and came with his father, Peter Fleisher, to Port Philadelphia, PA, around the middle of the Century. They then relocated to Pendleton County, VA, just six miles north of Monterey, VA, on U.S. Rt. 220. The homestead now is located on the line between West Virginia and Virginia with land in both states.

He married Susan Catherine Peninger in 1777 to which union was born 11 children two of which died in infancy.

Of the nine children, seven went west with the two youngest inheriting the homeplace. Four of these children, Henry, Jr., Conrad, George and Barbara (Fleisher) Hefner, went to Fayette County, OH, around 1810 and all owned land and engaged in business there. Henry Jr. was a blacksmith and the others were farmers. While he was there, Henry, Jr. was wounded in the War of 1812 and had nine children born in Fayette County, OH.

Curtis E. Fleisher of Washington C.H., OH (Fayette County), became a member of the Arthur St. Claire Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution by way of his great-great-grandfather, Henry Fleisher. (Lineage- Henry, Andrew, Solomon, Austin, Elbert and Curtis). He applied for a stone from the Veterans Administration to mark the grave of Henry Fleisher who served under General Washington. Henry Fleisher was listed as a sergeant at Valley Forge, PA, and later promoted to lieutenant. Some of his travels included Tigert Valley, Winchester,



THIS RECENTLY-PLACED headstone on the grave of Revolutionary War soldier Henry Fleisher near Monterey, VA, will be dedicated Saturday at the Fleisher family reunion.

Jersey and Middlebrook. He was on a two year enlistment from Augusta County, VA, and served in Capt. Michael Bowyer's Company, the 12th Virginia Regt., commanded by Col. James Wood, and General Scott's Brigade. He was in the battle of Brandewine, Germantown and other skirmishes.

After the Revolutionary War, he continued to serve in the militia of Pendleton County where he achieved the rank of major. He had a son, Benjamin, who was also sheriff of said county, according to some reports.

On June 9, Curtis and Janet Fleisher, accompanied by brother-in-law, Glenn Botkin, Jr., of McDowell, VA, took the stone, which was delivered to their residence in Washington C.H., OH, in April. They set it in concrete in the Fleisher Cemetery.

Getty this is the article that appeared in the
Hagerstown Herald-Mail that stirred me up.

Opinion

The Herald-Mail
Sunday, November 25, 2007

A11

At Dolly Sods, beware the plethodon nettingi

This is a public service announcement for anyone going backpacking in West Virginia's Dolly Sods Wilderness Area. Beware of black bears, plethodon nettingi and the occasional unexploded bomb.

Dolly Sods Wilderness Area is located in Monongahela National Forest and includes more than 10,000 acres. The forest that once covered the area is now gone, logged to death in the 1800s. The high mountain area never recovered. Today the vegetation consists of stunted spruce trees, rocky plains and lots of blueberries. The unusual terrain, over 28 miles of trails and breathtaking views of distant mountains, attract thousands of visitors every year.

I like to imagine Dolly Sods got its name from a local heroine, fighting loggers intent on denuding the mountain top in accord with West Virginia's 19th century state slogan: "Open for Environmental Devastation." The truth is less romantic. Dolly is just a misspelling of Dalhije, the name of the family who once owned the land. Sods are pen grass areas or fields once grazed by cattle.



This fall, my husband and I visited Dolly Sods for the first time. We joined friends who convinced us to try backpacking. I actually have a back pack frame, purchased from that well known wilderness outfitter, Kmart, on Earth Day 1970. I never used it and now I am approaching the age when unloading my luggage at a motel is a major outdoor challenge. Still, I have always wanted to try backpacking, so this excursion with experienced hikers seemed the perfect opportunity.

Two warnings greeted us at the trail head kiosk.

The first said black bears were more aggressive than usual, attacking garbage bags, coolers and backpacks (sometimes with the hiker attached). "CAMPING IN TENTS IS NOT RECOMMENDED!" the warning screamed. Normally, the threat of being eaten alive would be enough for me to turn around and find the nearest Motel 6. But not this year. It had taken me 30 years to finally embark on a backpacking adventure and I had no intentions of quitting.

The second warning concerned unexploded bombs. Dolly Sods was a practice artillery range during World War

II. When the Army left the scene, they also left lots of UXO (bomb parlance for unexploded ordnance). The first ordnance clearance was in 1950. Ten years ago, a more thorough sweep focused on all the trails and the campgrounds. Finding a live weapon now is as unlikely as seeing the elusive plethodon nettingi or Cheat Mountain Salamander.

The salamander, found only in West Virginia, was added to the U.S. Endangered Species Act in 1989 in the Ugly as Sin category. Unlike the funny green gecko that sells auto insurance, the Cheat Mountain salamander is black or dark brown, looks like a 4-inch slug with short legs and only comes out at night.

After backpacking into our campsite, I was pretty tired and retired early. As I lay in my sleeping bag, enveloped in the silence of the forest, I wondered what would be worse: Coming across an unexploded bomb? Or seeing a black bear tearing through our trash?

Scary thoughts, but not my worst fear.

I can deal with bears and mortar shells, but please, I prayed, don't let me wake up in the middle of the night with a Cheat Mountain Salamander in my sleeping bag.

Lyn Widmyer is a Charles Town, W.Va., resident who writes for The Herald-Mail.

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Don't dis Dolly Sods

To the editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to respond to the column that Lyn Widmyer wrote concerning her trip to Dolly Sods that was published by The Herald-Mail on Sunday, Nov. 25, 2007.

Before I make several comments, I will tell you that my second great-grandfather — George Washington Dolly Jr. — purchased around 1,500 acres of the Sods in the early 1800s from Adam Kisamore. Grandpa lived on the Sods for many years. He later gave this land to his son, my great-grandfather Amos Dolly, who in turn willed it to his son — my grandfather George Eston Dolly and my two great aunts, who later sold it to the U.S. government in the 1920s or early 1930. I have a copy of Amos Dolly's will to prove this.

Grandpa Amos would take his cattle from his farm on the North Fork to graze on his land on the Sods in the spring and then bring them back in the early fall. The part of the Sods that they owned was up from the North Fork — the Hopeville and Streby, W.Va., areas.

I also have in my possession the complete history of the Dollys, beginning with my fourth great-grandfather John "Cornyackle" Dahle. The early German spelling of Dolly was Dahle, not the way you spelled it "Dalhlie" — and we don't consider Dolly misspelled as stated in the column — that is completely false.

Grandpa John Dahle was born and reared in the state of Hess, Germany. He was a Revolutionary War Hessian soldier under Lord Cornwallis — who in all probability gave him his nickname of "Cornyackle." He was with General Cornwallis in the battle of Yorktown, Va. He first settled in Pennsylvania and then finally settled in the German Valley near Riverton, W.Va., in Pendleton County. I have visited his homesite and his grave in that area. He also built the first schoolhouse in that area and was the teacher. He married Mary Shoulders and fathered 13 children.

The Sods had an earlier name of Kisamore Plains, probably because

of the early owner Adam Kisamore. My grandfather went every summer to Dolly Sods to pick huckleberries. I know of nowhere up there where blueberries grow, as was stated in your column. My grandfather always called the Sods the "Huckleberry Plains" as he sat and shared all of his memories of the Sods and his many trips there. He loved everything up there.

I am aware of the logging that took place up there, but I do not

ancestors loved every inch of it and so do we.

Richard Kesner
Keyser, W.Va.

Grandpa Amos would take his cattle from his farm on the North Fork to graze on his land on the Sods in the spring and then bring them back in the early fall.

agree with your statement that it was logged to death.

I have visited the Sods many times and I love the beauty of everything up there — the vegetation, Bear Rocks and yes, even the stunted pine trees that you mentioned in your column. I assume that you are referring to the trees with branches only on one side as a result of the west winds that blow so much of the time up there.

My family and I feel that the Sods are one of the most beautiful tourist attractions in West Virginia, which is visited by thousands every year. I certainly wouldn't want you to hold any office in West Virginia tourism, with the negative remarks that you made about the Sods.

Yes, Lyn, we love the bears and of course we also love the salamanders — they won't hurt you and the bears will invade the trash cans because the smell of food tempts them and they have to eat to survive. With all of your fears, it probably would be wise to stay away from the Sods. We appreciate everything that God created up on the Sods. It's all a part of Wild, Wonderful West Virginia. Our